

244 E. 12th St.,

New York, May 29, 1874.

My Dear Garrison,

I owe you thanks for
your welcome letter of the 25th. I am
not going to reply to it in form now;
but, having learned from Wendell
that you will probably be here
next week, I write in haste to
express my gratification, and
to say that I hope to see you
at my house before your re-
turn. Mrs. Johnson is now in the
last month before her confine-
ment, but if she ~~will~~^{is as} well next
week as she is at this moment,
she will be glad to see you.
I tell her that she need not shrink

from meeting a friend of mine
so intimate as yourself, and
so full of a delicate respect
for woman in every phase of
life.

I think if you will look at
what I said of Abner Kneeland
and his associates you will see
that you are mistaken in sup-
posing that I made "a thrust
at their infidelity, as such." Nothing
was further from my intention. I
simply meant to describe their
attitude to the cause just as
impartially and truthfully as
I did that of the Orthodox.
When you come, we will look
at the passage together.

I little thought, when I wrote
in my last number a simple

tribute to Wm. L. Redd, my
old Sunday School scholar,
that he would not be alive
to read it. But how fast
the old friends of our cause
are passing away.

Yes, Wendell gave me a
copy of the Mummer photograph.
It is certainly remarkable, if he
did not know you. Are you
sure of that? You know you
are about as well known on the
streets in Boston as the Old
South Church. I am in no
suspicious mood, however,
having, as you know, long
been a believer in spirit phe-
nomena. I am anxious to
hear about your latest

experiences.

Wm. Loring.

Oliver Johnson.